

The Historie of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he maltred there a doule spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie
Arme, arme with speede, and fellowes Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dial's poynt,
Still ending at the arriual of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust, *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:

For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and heere draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lustie instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

Henry the

For heauen to earth, some of v
A second time doe such a curte
Heere they embrace, the Trum
power, alarme to the Battell:
Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name th
What honour dost thou seeke

Dow. Know then my name
And I doe haunt thee in the ba
Because some tell me, that thou

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford*
Thy likenesse, for in stead of
This Sword hath ended him, f
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a pr

Blunt. I was not borne to y
And thou shalt find a King th
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight, Dowglas kills

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou
I neuer had triumpht ouer a S

Dow. Als done, als won, he

Hot. Where?

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I
A gallant Knight he was, his n
Semblably furnisht like the Ki

Dow. Ah foole, go with thy
Aborrowed title hast thou bo
Why didst thou tell me, that t

Hot. The King hath many

Dow. Now by my Sword, I
He murder all his Wardrope p
Vntill I meet the King.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely,

Alarme, enter

Fals. Though I could sca
shot heere, heere's no scoring
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's

For